THOMAS & FRIENDS
Race to Callan Castle
AS SEEN ON DVD!
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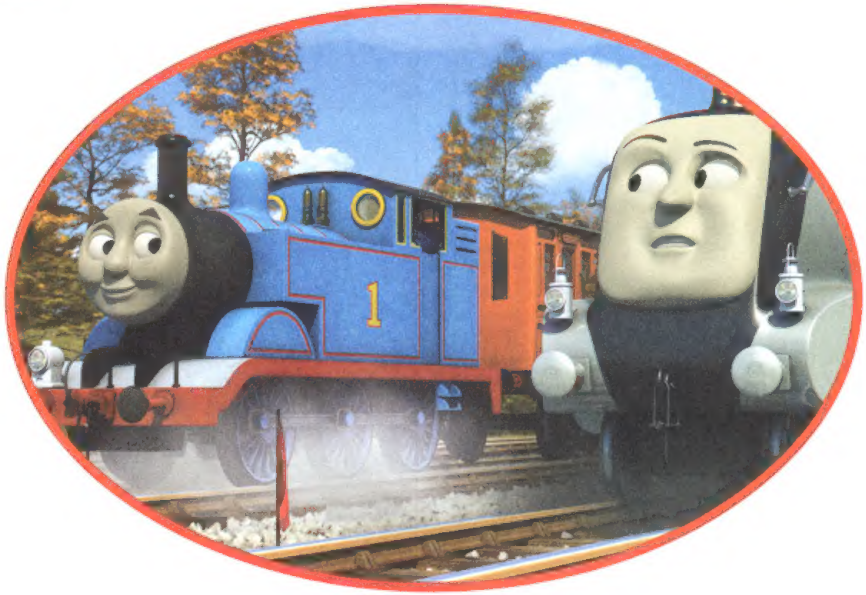
Donation

THOMAS & FRIENDS

Race to Callan Castle



A Random House PICTUREBACK® Book

Random House New York

Thomas the Tank Engine & Friends™

CREATED BY BRITT ALLCROFT

Based on the Railway Series by the Reverend W Awdry.
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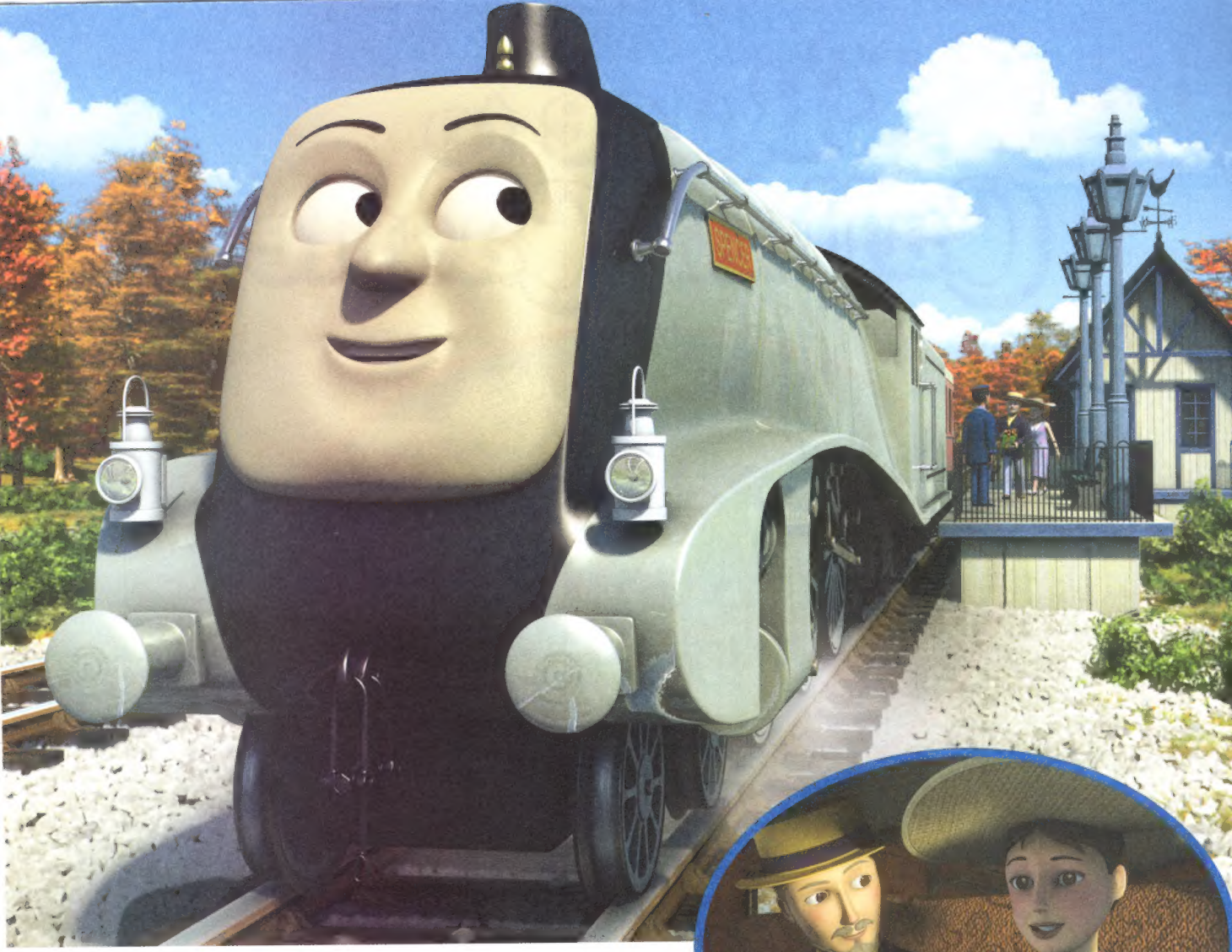
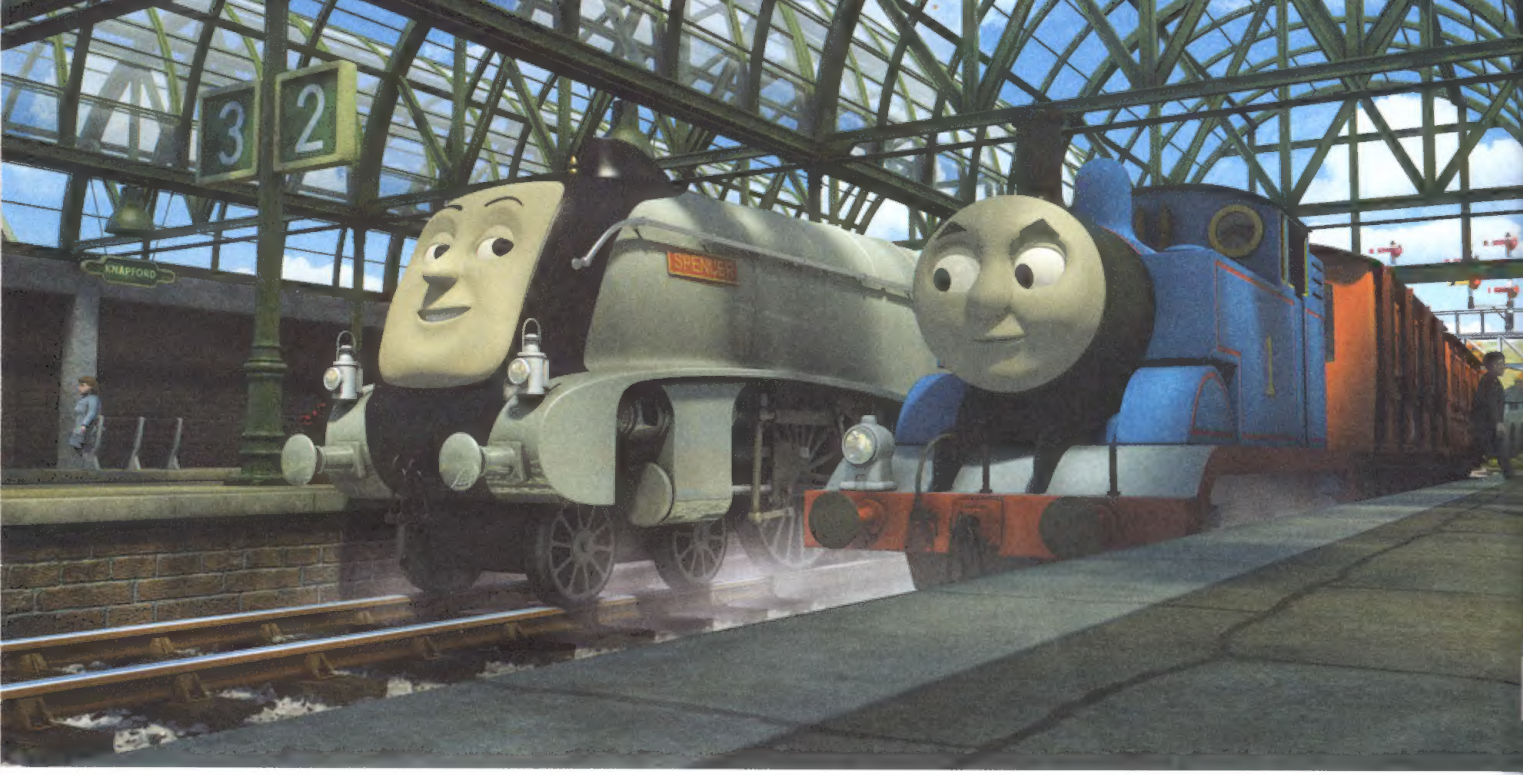


It was a beautiful day on the Island of Sodor. Spencer, one of the big engines on the railway, was happy because he had a very important job to do. He was taking the Duke and Duchess of Boxford to Callan Castle for Lord Callan's birthday ball.

The Duke and Duchess were waiting at the station near their summerhouse with a special gift for Lord Callan.

"We have to arrive in good time, Spencer," said the Duke as they boarded their own special coach. "I'm giving a very important speech."

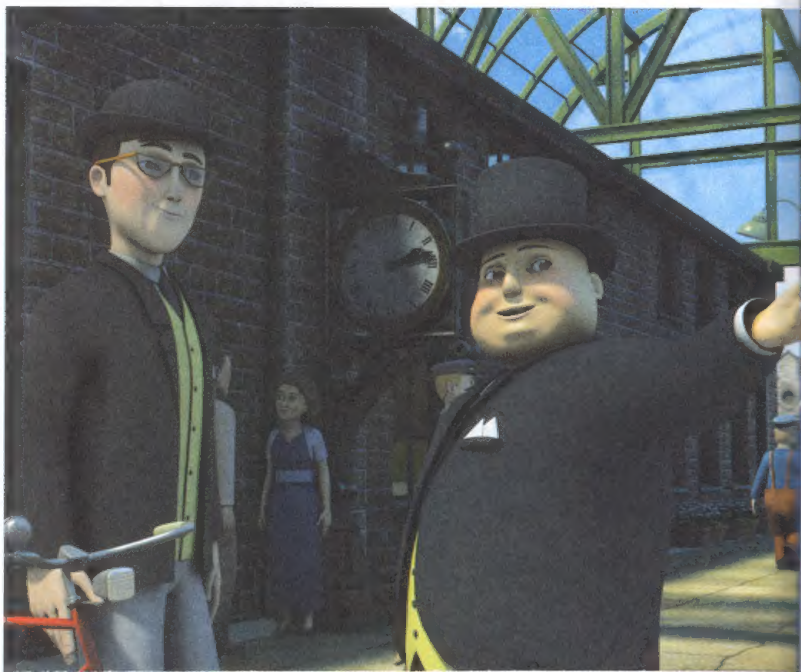
"Don't worry, sir," Spencer replied. "I won't let you down!"



Meanwhile, Thomas the Tank Engine was waiting at Knapford Station when Bertie arrived. Just as they were saying hello, Spencer pulled in. The engines heard the sound of a bicycle bell signaling the arrival of Mr. Percival.

"You're not still riding that old thing, are you?" asked Sir Topham Hatt, chuckling.

"I prefer my bike," Mr. Percival replied. "Two wheels are best, I always say."



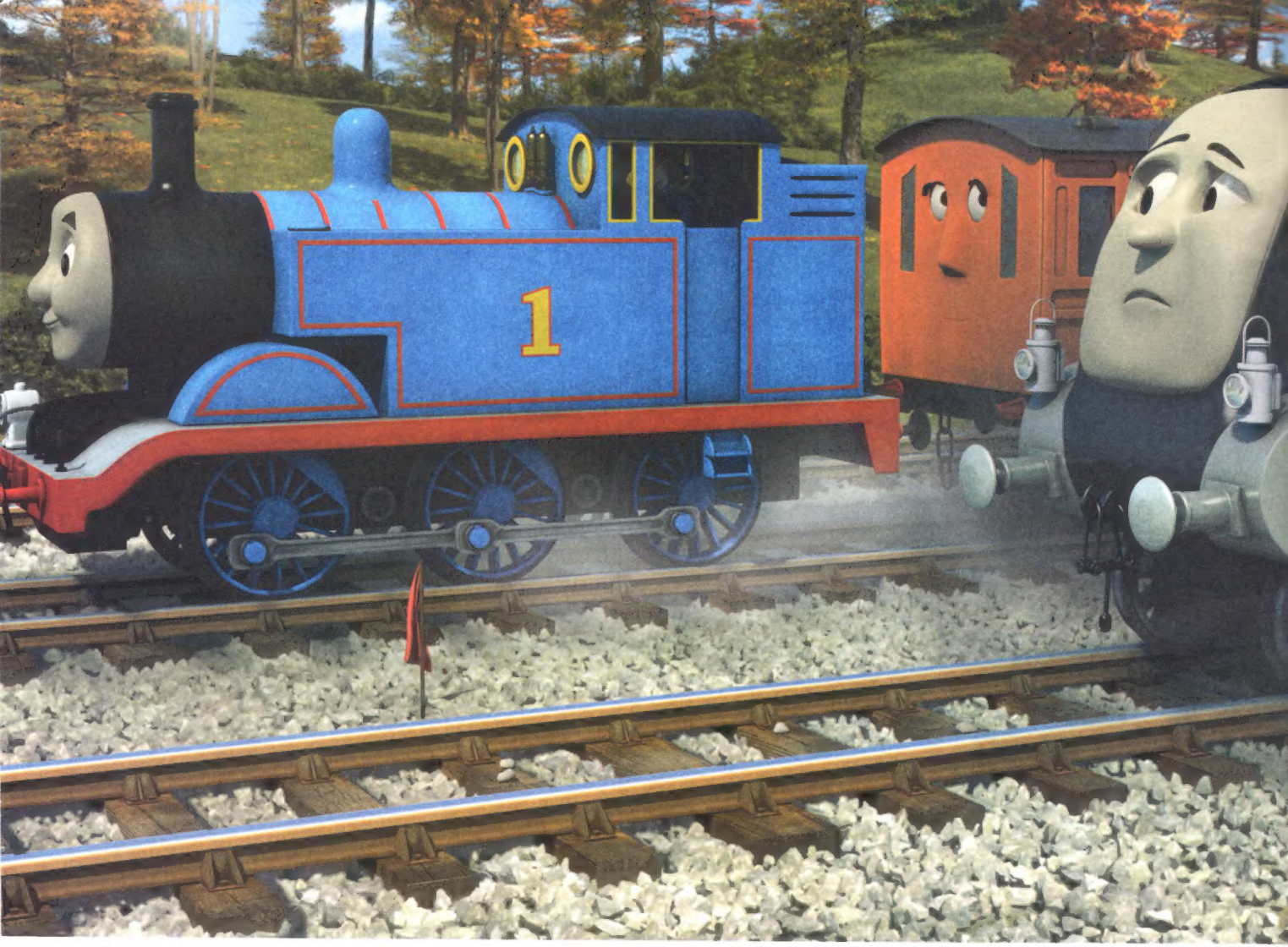
The engines thought this was very funny. Bertie thought four wheels were best. Thomas thought six were even better. Spencer was certain that twenty were best of all.

The Duke and Duchess were in a hurry, so Spencer chuffed away. But as he sped along, there was a sudden bang. Spencer came to a stop.

"What was that?" asked the Duke and Duchess.

"My valve gear has snapped," said Spencer, looking embarrassed.

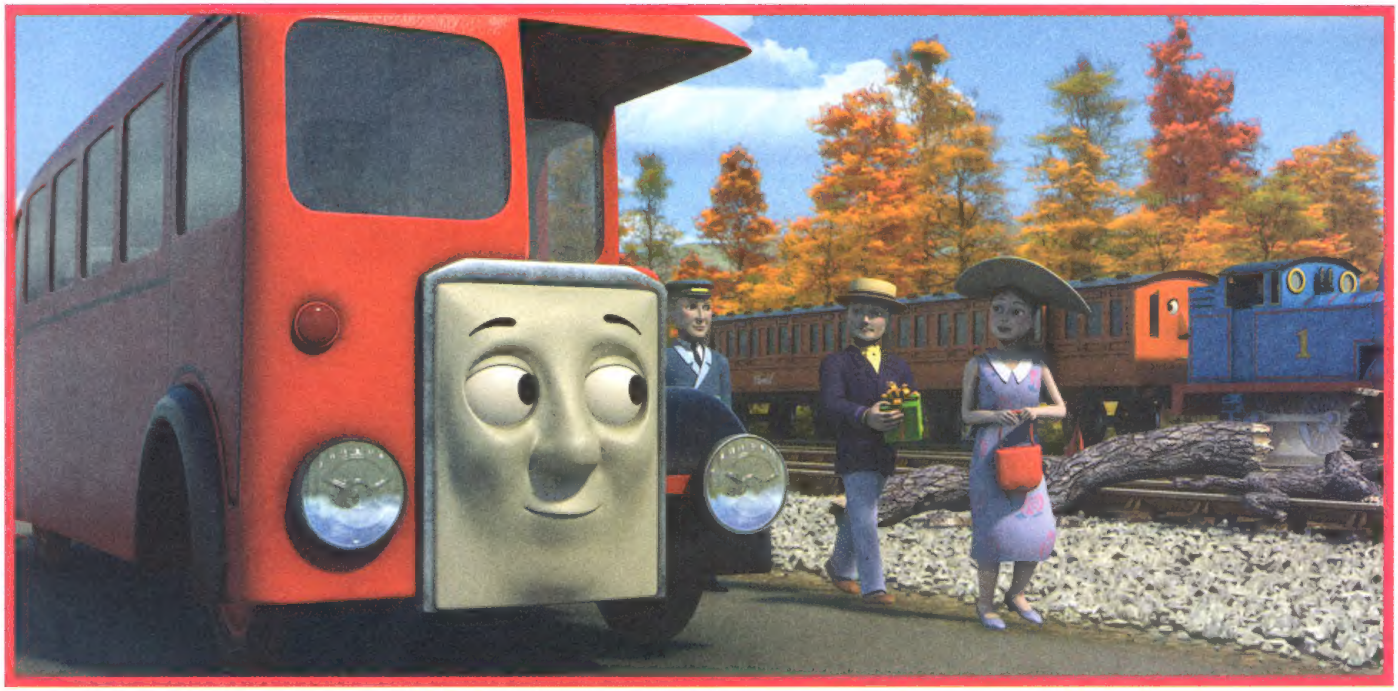
"Now what?" asked the Duke.



Thomas arrived minutes later. "What's wrong, Spencer? Have your mighty twenty wheels let you down?" he asked, teasing.

"Not funny, Thomas!" said Spencer. "I have to get the Duke and Duchess to Callan Castle on time!"

"I'll take them," Thomas offered. The Duke and Duchess climbed aboard Clarabel. Off they all hurried.



But as Thomas turned a bend, there was a fallen tree across the line! He screeched to a halt.

"This just isn't our day, is it?" the Duke said.

And then who should come along but Bertie!

"What's up, Thomas?" he asked.

"The Duke and Duchess must get to Callan Castle. They can't be late!"

Bertie offered to take them by road. The Duke and Duchess were relieved. "What an adorable little bus!" said the Duchess.

"As I told you, Thomas—four wheels are best!" Bertie said.

Bertie drove down the road smiling. He didn't notice some sharp stones ahead. Suddenly—POP! Bertie had a flat tire! He pulled over.

The Duke was upset. "We're just not going to get there in time for my speech," he said.

Just then, they heard the sound of a bicycle bell.

"What's happened?" Mr. Percival asked as he rode up.

When the Duke explained, Mr. Percival offered to help.

"Um . . . I suppose I could ride on the handlebars," the Duchess said doubtfully.

"No, no, no!" Mr. Percival replied, laughing. "Wait here. I'll get help. Two wheels to the rescue, as I always say!" He rode off to the nearest telephone to call the Sodor Search and Rescue Center.

Very soon, there was the sound of propeller blades, and Harold the Helicopter appeared.

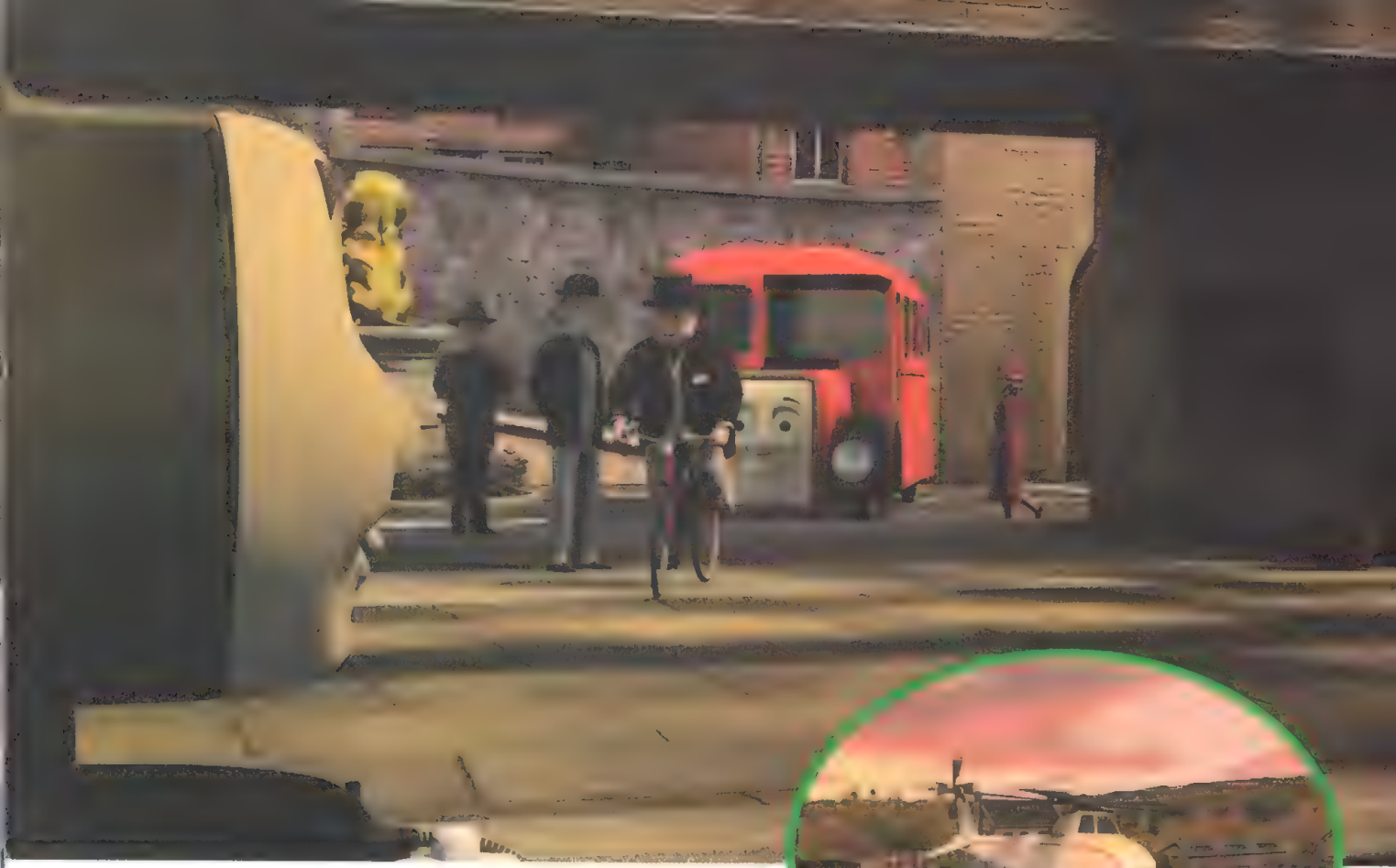
"Hop aboard, Your Graces," said Harold. He took off and before long landed in the grounds of Callan Castle.

"What an arrival!" said Lord Callan as he greeted his guests. "But where's Spencer?"

"We'll tell you about it over dinner," answered the Duke.

"Thank you, Harold," the Duchess said.

Harold smiled and flew off.



At Knapford Station that evening, Spencer, Bertie, and Thomas were chatting about the day's events.

Spencer was embarrassed because he had broken down with royalty aboard.

"Well, you're all fixed now," Thomas told him.

"And my flat tire's been mended," Bertie said.

Just then, Harold swooped over.

"It was Harold who saved the day," Thomas said. "And he didn't use *any* wheels! Ha, ha, ha!"

And as Harold flew off, everyone smiled.

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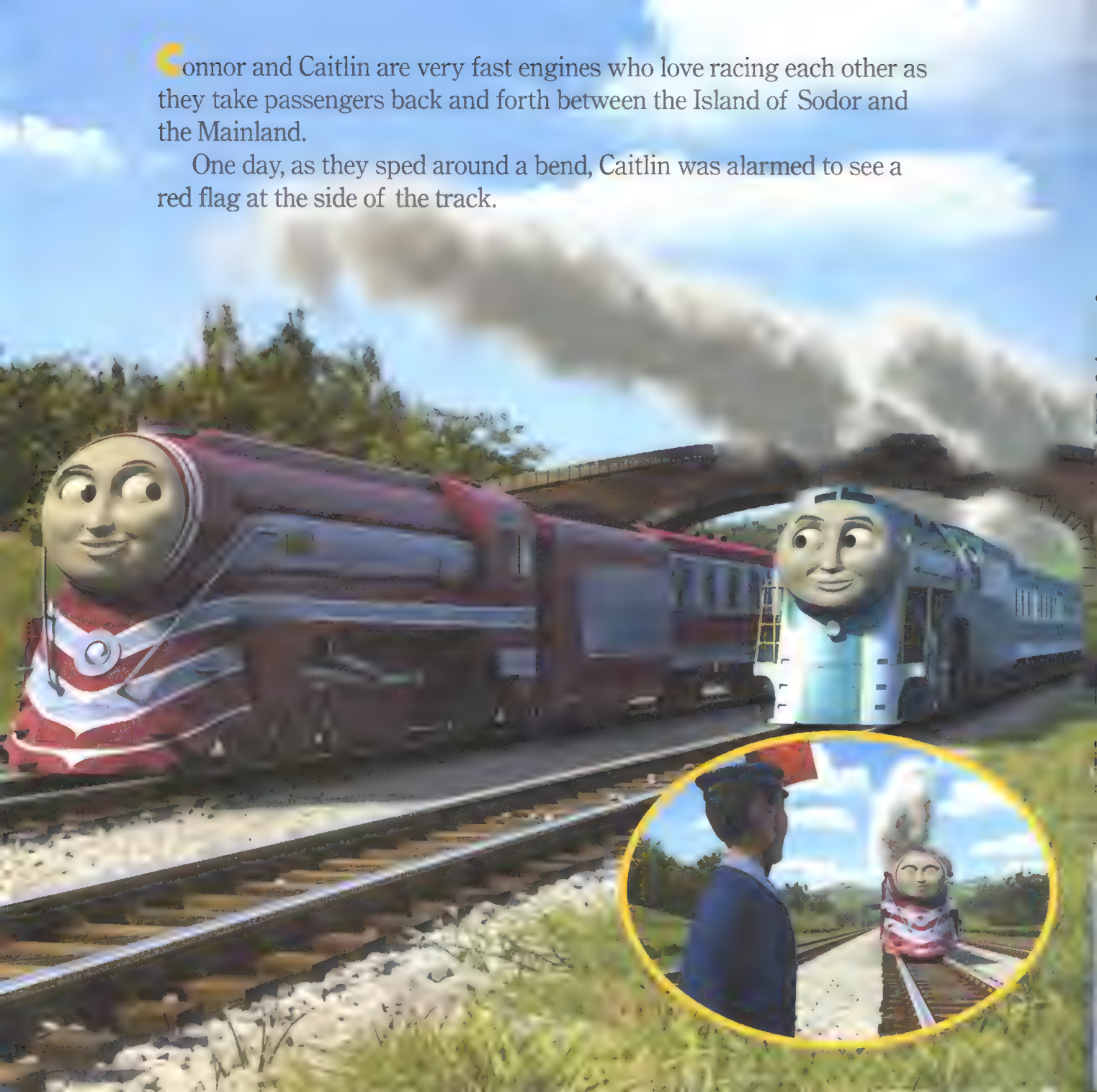
Connor and Caitlin are very fast engines who love racing each other as they take passengers back and forth between the Island of Sodor and the Mainland.

One day, as they sped around a bend, Caitlin was alarmed to see a red flag at the side of the track.



Ahead, Caitlin saw Emily blocking her path. Caitlin whistled and slammed on her brakes. Connor flew past.

Emily was embarrassed. "Sorry," she said. "I've broken down. I can't move."

"Nothing to be sorry about," Caitlin replied. "Everybody breaks down sometimes!"

Emily asked Caitlin for a push onto a siding. Caitlin didn't have buffers and couldn't shunt Emily without them, so she moved over to another track. Her passengers were getting impatient.

Later that day, Emily was still waiting on the tracks when Caitlin returned.

"Hi, Caitlin," said Emily as Caitlin switched tracks. "Where are your coaches?"

"I'm taking you to the Steamworks," Caitlin replied as she buffered up behind Emily. "I wasn't going to leave you stranded here!"

As Caitlin pulled Emily along, Connor appeared, ready to race alongside. Caitlin sped up.

"Wow! This is *fast!*" Emily said.

"Not really," Caitlin replied. "You're a bit heavier than my coaches."

"What!" said Emily.

"You're a great big steam engine—like me," Caitlin explained. That made Emily smile.

Connor was so fast that he soon caught up and sped by Caitlin and Emily. But he slowed down as he approached the station. Caitlin and Emily continued to the Steamworks.

As Emily was being lifted onto the gantry crane, she told Victor about Caitlin. "She's so fast! She must be the best engine ever!"

"Being fast isn't everything, Emily," said Victor kindly.

But Emily was daydreaming. She saw herself racing along the Main Line, like a Caitlin. . . .

A few days later, Thomas the Tank Engine saw Emily at the shunting yards.

"What's the matter?" Thomas asked when she didn't reply to his hello.

Emily sighed. "Caitlin is better than me at everything!"

"Everything? She can't be," Thomas said firmly.

"But she is, Thomas," Emily said. "She really is."

Nothing could make Emily feel better.

The next day, Emily was delivering goods to Ulfstead Castle. She was surprised to see Caitlin on another track. Her Driver and Fireman were examining her and looking puzzled.

"Did you break down?" Emily asked.

"No," Caitlin answered. "But my Driver thought he heard a strange sound. They're checking me over."

"Looks like you'll beat me on the way down the hill," Caitlin said.

Emily smiled.

Emily headed down the steep hill away from the castle. Suddenly, she heard Caitlin calling for help.

"My brakes. My brakes have failed! H-E-E-E-LP!" Caitlin cried. "Look out, Emily! I can't stop!"

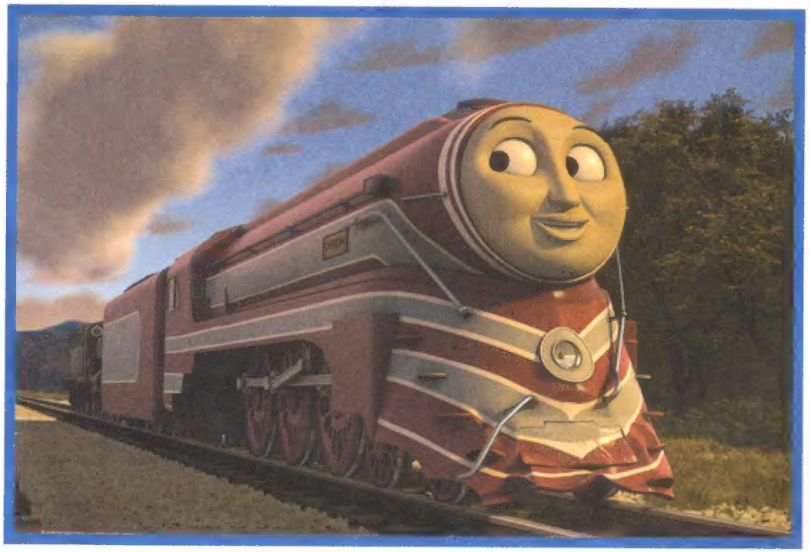
Caitlin was barreling down the hill. Emily tried to speed up. Suddenly, she heard a terrible crunch as Caitlin rammed into her from behind.

"Don't worry, Caitlin! I've got you!" said Emily as she braced herself and slammed on her brakes. Finally, Emily managed to slow them down, and they stopped safely at the bottom of the hill.

Caitlin sighed with relief. "Oh, Emily! You're my hero!"

Emily smiled proudly. But when she pulled forward, she heard an awful crunch. The front of Caitlin's streamlining was dented and bent.

"This is why I don't push or shunt," Caitlin said. "It always messes up my skirt."



"Is that why you didn't push me onto the siding? Because of your skirt?" Emily asked.

"Yes. I wish I had buffers in front, like you," Caitlin answered. "How brave you were today, Emily! I'm so lucky to have a friend like you to help me."

"Everybody breaks down sometimes, Caitlin," Emily said with a chuckle. "And I'm lucky to have a friend like you!"

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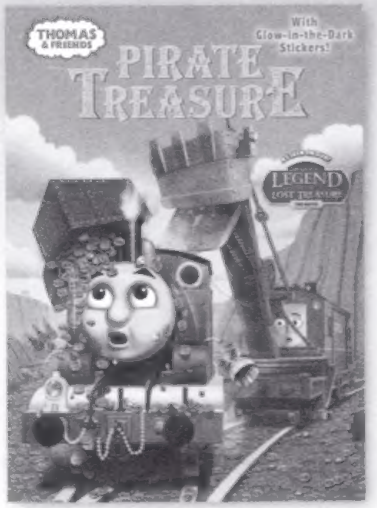
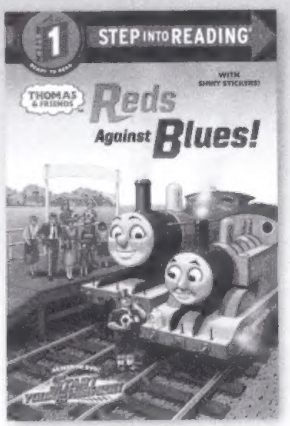
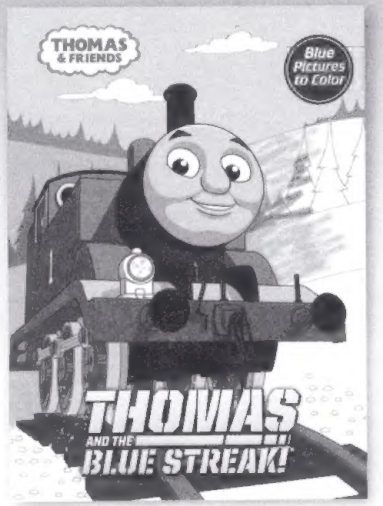
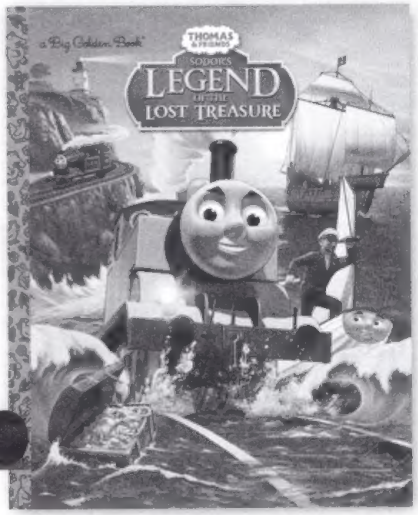
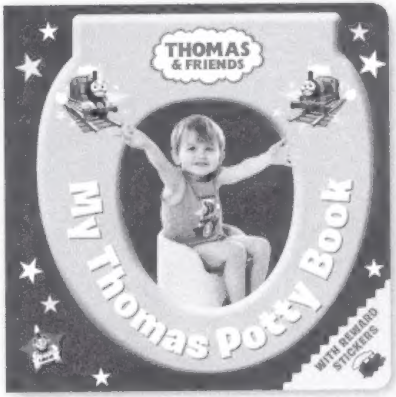
Any Time Is Thomas Time!

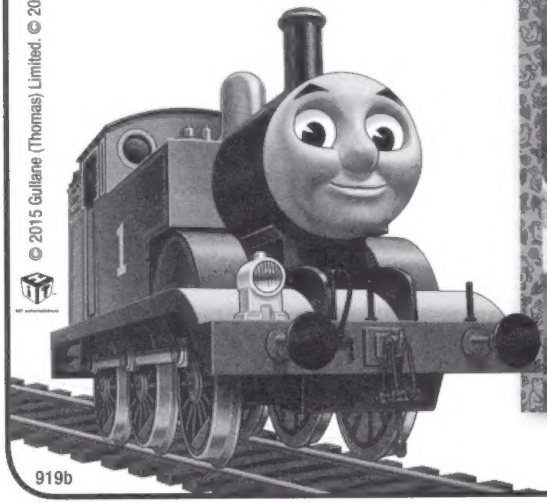












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